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Indianapolis, Ind Dec. 3.

(6)

— 1879. —

Dear Taylor —

Just got your card, asking if I could come, date 2, 3 — Yes, spin ahead, but send me full directions when and how to start to get to you — 'cause I'm blind as a bat on railroads. Now do this, sure — ^{write} more too. — Got a letter from your bro, John yesterday — said he was gain' to visit you — well — you hold him till I get there — then we will have our long, eternal "lecture" of our own, and must care whether we're well patronized or not. And right here I may as well tell you to get out your umbrella — 'cause I never fail to bring a storm of some kind. I'm a surer thing on rain than a treaded even! Reason I don't write more is just 'cause I'm all tangled up,

and just can't. Hope to have
more time soon, but can't tell whether
I will or not. With your request
~~this~~ morning came three others -
no dates, though, and but one other a-
head; so write me at once, if I may
positively rely on the 23 (as you proposed)
~~so~~ I'll reserve that date for you till
I hear again. And tell John (if he's got
there yet) that my Newcastle engage-
ment is "off" indefinitely, but when
I do go there I'll not forget his
request. I enclose my very latest
sketch - they're all late now - 'cause I'm
on a daily, and have to hustle 'em out
by steam. Also enclose poem, "The
Lost Kiss," which I hope you will like -
'cause you're married and ought to know
more about and love, babies better'n me.
God bless us every one!

Give me a reply at once -
yours as ever M.R.